

August 2019

Ten Thousand Miles Away

Author Unknown

Follow this and additional works at: https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk



Part of the [Folklore Commons](#), and the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "Ten Thousand Miles Away" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 1216.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/1216

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside Ballads at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Broadside Ballads: England by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.

TEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY.



TEN THOUSAND MILES AWAY.

Sing oh, for a brave and gallant bark,
And a brisk and lively breeze,
A little crew, and a captain too,
To carry me over the seas;
To carry me over the seas, my boys,
To my true love so gay,
She has taken a trip on a Government ship,
Ten thousand miles away.

Chorus.

So blow the winds I oh,
A roving I will go,
I'll stay no more on England's shore,
So let the music play;
To start by the morning train,
To cross the raging main,
For I'm on the move to my own true love,
Ten thousand miles away.

My true love she is beautiful,
My true love she is young,
Her eyes are blue as the violets hue,
And silvery sounds her tongue;
And silvery sounds her tongue, my boys,
But while I sing this lay,
She is doing the grand in the distant land,
Ten thousand miles away.
So blow the winds, &c.

Oh! that was a dark and dismal day,
When last she left the strand,
She bid good-bye with a tearful eye,
And waved her lily hand;
She waved her lily hand, my boys,
As the big ship left the bay,
Adieu, says she, remember me,
Ten thousand miles away.
So blow the winds, &c.

Oh! if I could be but a bos'n bold,
Or only a bom-ba-dier,
I'd hire a boat, and hurry afloat,
And straight to my true love steer;
And straight to my true love steer my boys,
Where the dancing dolphins play,
And the whales and sharks are having their larks,
Ten thousand miles away.
So blow the winds, &c.

Oh! the sun may shine thro' a London fog,
And the Thames run clear and bright,
The ocean's brine be turned to wine,
And may I forget my beer;
And may I forget my beer, my boys,
And landlord's quarter day,
But I'll never part from my own sweetheart,
Ten thousand miles away.
So blow the wind &c.